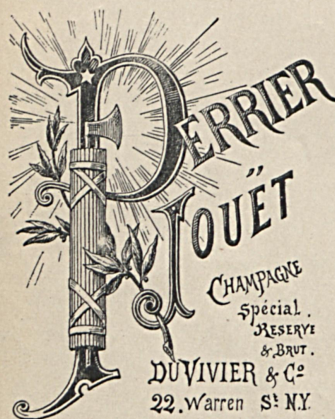


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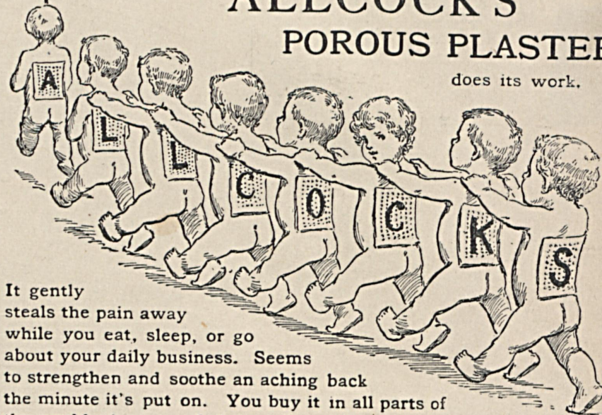
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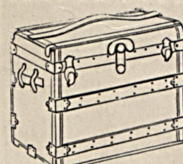
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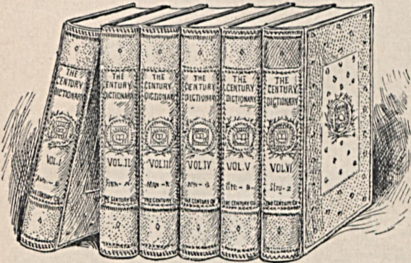
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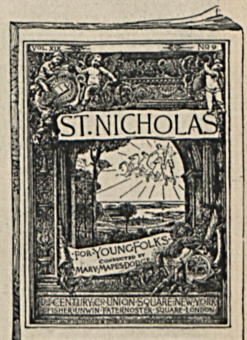
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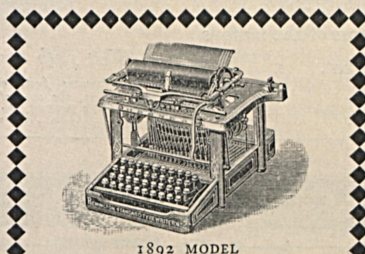
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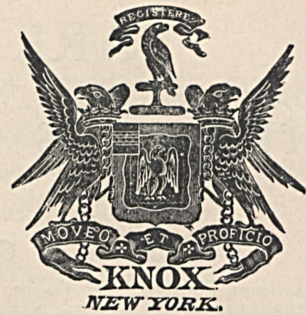
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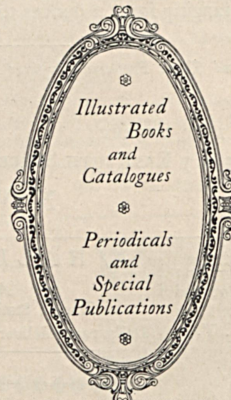


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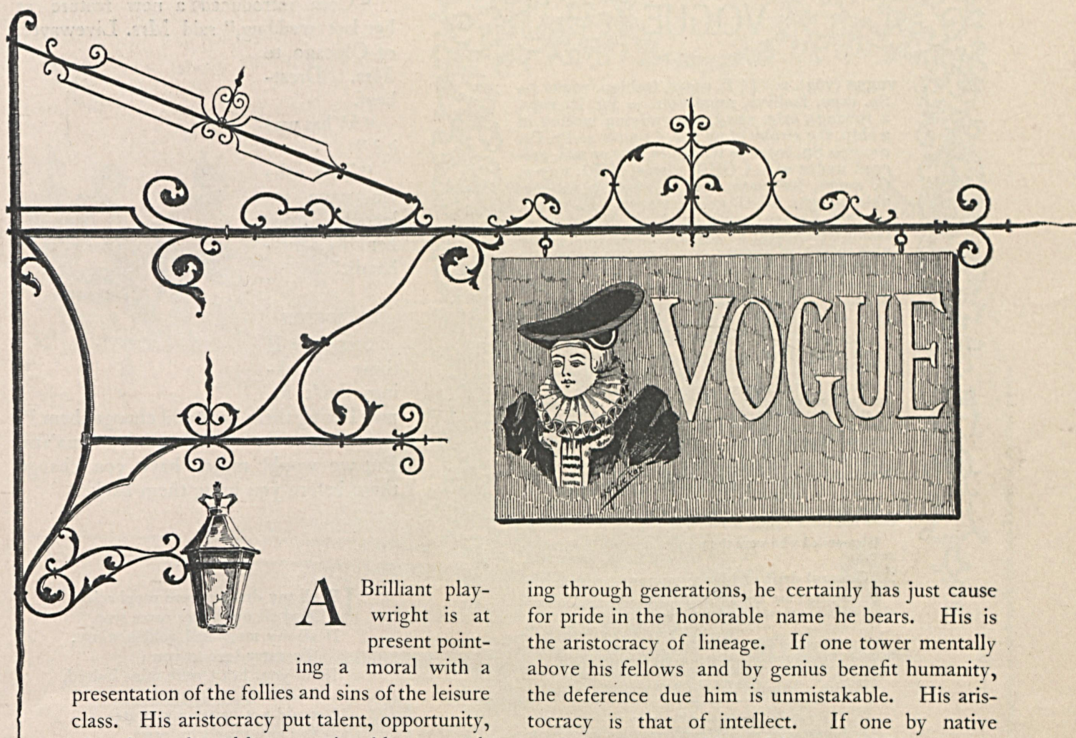
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A Brilliant playwright is at present pointing a moral with a presentation of the follies and sins of the leisure class. His aristocracy put talent, opportunity, education and wealth to most ignoble uses, and, it must be confessed, his indictment is not wholly untrue. But although the "Thou shalt not" is presented with all the emphasis of clever dialogue, ingenious plot and capable portrayal, how many of the thousands that are moved by the play will be led to abandon the social idea by reason of any lesson it may teach?

A foreign critic of American society has said that in no monarchical country is the existence of aristocracy so evident as in the republic of the United States. That with us class distinctions are as finely drawn, social aspirations as pronounced, and snobbishness as prevalent as in any nation that confers titles and ignores the principle of equality.

This assertion is unquestionably true. Society, if it is to exist at all, must have its marks and limitations. By tacit assent, if not by constitutional establishment, there are social differences in all communities, and that people would be poor indeed which did not differentiate its members, and exalt those who for various reasons represent its better elements, and make its aristocracy—the strength which comes from the union of what is best. If one has an unblemished ancestry descend-

ing through generations, he certainly has just cause for pride in the honorable name he bears. His is the aristocracy of lineage. If one tower mentally above his fellows and by genius benefit humanity, the deference due him is unmistakable. His aristocracy is that of intellect. If one by native equipment, personal forcefulness and high principle attain some great and worthy object, he is entitled to the acclaim of success. His aristocracy is that of achievement. If one by circumstance, or by industry, cleverness and well-doing secure great riches and use these riches for the good of others, either by personal example or by judicious management, his possessions become a cause of congratulation.

American society enjoys the distinction of being the most progressive in the world; the most salutary and the most beneficent. It is quick to discern, quick to receive and quick to condemn. It is untrammelled by a degraded and immutable nobility. It has in the highest degree an aristocracy founded in reason and developed in natural order. Its particular phases, its amusements, its follies, its fitful changes, supply endless opportunities for running comment and occasional rebuke.

The ceremonial side of life attracts the sage as well as the débutante, men of affairs as well as the belle. It may be a dinner or it may be a ball, but whatever the function the magnetic, welding force is the social idea.

VOGUE

vogue (vôg), *n.* [*F. vogue*, fashion, vogue (= *Sp. boga*, fashion, reputation, = *Pg. It. voga*, a rowing), orig. sway, the swaying motion of a ship, the stroke of an oar, < *voguer* = *Fr. Pg. vogar* = *Sp. bogar* = *It. vogare*, row or sail, proceed under sail, < *OHG. wagôn*, *MHG. wagen*, *G. wagen*, fluctuate, float, < *waga*, a waving, akin to *wâg*, *MHG. wâc*, a wave (> *F. vague*), *G. woge*, a wave: see *wav*.] 1. The mode or fashion prevalent at any particular time; popular reception, repute, or estimation; common currency: now generally used in the phrase *in vogue*: as, a particular style of dress was then *in vogue*: a writer who was *in vogue* fifty years ago; such opinions are now *in vogue*.

The Lord Treasurer Weston is he who hath the greatest *Vogue* now at Court, but many great ones have clashed with him. *Hovell*, Letters, I. v. 31.

Though Christianity were directly contrary to the Religions then *in vogue* in the world, yet they [men] knew of no other way of promoting it but by patience, humility, meekness, prayers for their persecutors, and tears when they saw them obstinate. *Stillington*, Sermons, I. iii.

The Wits of the Age, the great Beauties, and short-lived People of *Vogue*, were always her Discourse and Imitation. *Steele*, Tender Husband, I. 1.

The *vogue* of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year. *Swift*, Letter, March 22, 1708-9.

I demanded who were the present theatrical writers *in vogue*. *Goldsmith*, Vicar, xviii.

2. General drift of ideas; rumor; report.

The *vogue* of our few honest folks here is that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel. *Swift*, To Gay, Nov. 19, 1730.

Some affirm the Earl of Suffolk . . . goes general of the fleet; but most opinions give it to my Lord Benbigh. . . . Captain Pennington hath the *vogue* to go his vice-admiral. *Court and Times of Charles I.*, I. 131.

From The Century Dictionary.

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A REBUFF

CHOLLY: "I should like to have lived in the olden days and been your page."

SHE: "Thank you—but a blank page is so dull."

PENELOPE: "O, I'm in awful luck."

PERDITA: "What's the matter?"

PENELOPE: "Engaged—and I have still eight new dresses of which I will never have a chance to try the effect."

ANCESTRY

SHE: "They say that his ancestors came over with William the Conqueror."

HE: "That's not so. William never heard of New York."

PROOF

ROSALIE: "Is your fiancé generous?"

GRACE: "Well, I should say so. He's just mortgaged his house to buy me a ring."



SOMETHING UNIQUE

"Cora introduced a new feature at her last wedding," said Mrs. Livewayte, of Chicago, to Mrs. Drest-beef.

"What was it?"

"The ushers were selected from her ex-husbands."



IN BOSTON

SHE: "If these stockings don't fit, may I bring them back and change them?"

SALESLADY: "Certainly, ma'am. But we would rather have you change them before you bring them back."

FINESSE

IF all my dreams were prophecies,
And all my hopes came true,
If all my songs had golden wings,
To carry love to you;
If all your heart were mine indeed,
In sadness or in mirth,
I would not barter my estate
For any king's on earth.

Alas! my dreams become nightmares,
My hopes are blasted trust,
My songs are in falsetto key,
My wishes are as dust.
Your heart has never answered mine,
Perhaps it never will,—
For though I am your humble slave,
I'd be your monarch still.

A king should rule with potency,
The slave a suppliant is;
So since you flout my monarchy,
My only hope is this:—
To leave you, to deceive you, dear,
To vex your mind with doubt,
And by this sweet diplomacy
To win you out and out.

SOMETIMES HE IS OBLIGED TO

"Invisible checks are very stylish now," said young Mr. Dolley, as he turned over his tailor's samples, preparatory to ordering a suit.

"Many of my customers have been paying me in that material for years," replied the tailor, with a sigh at the recollection.

For detailed description of the fashion drawings published in *Vogue* see Society Supplement.



A NEW CREATION

"Is Lord De Void's title inherited?"
 "No, thank heaven, it is a tribute paid to beer—and there's money in beer, which is much more than can be said of enailed estates."

"LE BON ONCLE D'AMÉRIQUE"

By Thomas A Janvier. [In two parts]

WE had come sailing down through a long but very perfect dinner in Langley's studio—Mrs. Langley had a genius for studio dinners: she never was known to give one that went wrong—and so had reached happily the latitude of cognac and the longitude of the demitasse. It is the period of a dinner which begets a genial flow of all the kindest humors of the human body; which inspires the human soul with an affectionate faith in souls in general; which, in short, creating a noble scorn of half-confidences, tends to open in the frankest manner the mellowed human heart. Langley was leaning back comfortably in the deep chair with which he had replaced the stiff-backed structure at the foot of the table; he was alternating his coffee and his cognac with an exquisite satisfaction; he was smoking with dainty pleasure one of his own peculiar puritos of Tepic, whereof the source of supply was known to himself alone. Finally, we had been talking of Paris and our youthful years. Under these softening conditions it was that he dropped into the following bit of autobiographical reminiscence in the most natural way in the world.



I.

Those were the days when I was working with Carolus. It was honest hard work that most of us did in that atelier. Whoever tried shirking found himself suddenly on the other side of the door. "Messieurs" Carolus would say on these edifying and highly volcanic occasions, "It is supposed that you come here with the serious purpose. If you desire only to play, you must go elsewhere!" And then the just would suffer with the unjust—for after an expulsion we would get criticisms all around that made us wish that we had died in infancy, or been bred brick-layers, or had done anything under heaven but made consummate asses of ourselves by going in for art.

It was because we really were working hard, I suppose, that we got so much out of the fun that we had in between whiles. It rarely was high-priced fun, for very few of us had any money worth speaking of: only the theatre now and then, and a little supper following; runs out into the country,

with breakfast and a walk in the woods and so home; or down the river to one or another of the many places where Paris makes merry of a Sunday afternoon—nothing much in any of it, but we did have good times.

Tartigny and Ploiron and I hung together in these small frolics; and as a general thing—that we might not miss the refining influence of the gentle sex—we took along with us 'Toinette and Margot and Thérèse. 'Toinette had just then got her first regular engagement at the Variétés. Her part was not a leading one. She opened a door and courtesied—that was the whole of it. But we organized a claque and gave her such a send off that she got a speaking part the next season and made a hit in it; and two years later she moved on to the Palais Royal and became a celebrity. 'Toinette was an exceedingly spirited young per-



'TOINETTE

son. At times, indeed, she was almost too spirited—as that day at Aigremont when she insisted upon dancing down the whole length of the long table at which the ordinary was served, and we had to pay for the broken china and glass.

The other two were models. Thérèse was a round little Bordelaise, with prodigiously fine black eyes and an inordinate fondness for truffles. Margot was a blond Provençale—tall, stately, magnificent—the most nobly beautiful creature I ever saw. But for all her stateliness Margot did not hesitate, on occasion, to override with charming impulsiveness any of the minor conventions of polite society which happened to get in her way—as, for example, when she and Thérèse, sitting on top of the omnibus after luncheon (we had chartered an omnibus and gone out en prince to the Grand Prix) calmly took down their hair and then did it up again while they used the lid of the chafing-dish as a mirror.

That expedition to Longchamps in a chartered omnibus was just after my quarterly allowance came in. I always was expected to do something handsome at those auriferous periods, and I always did.

My receipt of a quarterly allowance was regarded by all of them as nothing short of a quarterly miracle. I got it, usually, about the twentieth of the month, and Ploiron and Tartigny always used to go over with me to Hottinguer's to help me draw it. They said that it made them feel as though they had an allowance too. As for me, because of my twelve hundred dollars a year, they called me the Nabob.

To be sure, it sounded better when spoken of as six thousand francs.

II.

It was from my uncle, Mr. Logan Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, that my allowance came. He was the dearest old boy, the kindest, the warmest-hearted that ever lived. His one weakness was that he went in as a patron of art. Heaven bless him! he knew no more about art than he did about the precession of the equinoxes!—but he did own some capital pictures, and he had learned to talk about them quite appropriately. From the time that I was a boy he always was good to me. Even if he had not been an art patron, I am sure that he would have chalked my hat for me while I studied with Carolus—just as he chalked it at school and college, and always sent me rousing tips at Christmas besides.

As to Aunt Rittenhouse, all that she ever gave



MARGOT

me was good advice. Aunt Rittenhouse was one of the types of an old-fashioned Philadelphian gentlewoman. Solid respectability was her hold. She had enough deportment to fit out a dozen New York women, and she was propriety itself. She was on the boards of direction of all sorts of well-meaning societies; she used to walk Uncle Rittenhouse off to Saint Peter's every Sunday morning—and she could talk more dull stupidities in half an hour than any woman outside of Philadelphia could talk in a year.

I made it a rule always to drink Uncle Rittenhouse's health formally on quarter day. Tartigny and Ploiron and the girls were accustomed to join

in this ceremony with effusion. "Au bon oncle d'Amérique!" they would cry, as they touched their glasses to mine—and then they would drink their congratulations to me upon having such an uncle, and would express their very genuine sorrow because heaven had not blessed each of them with an uncle of the same sort. In-



AU SALUT DU BON ONCLE D'AMÉRIQUE

deed, they felt a sort of property in him, and their affection for him was scarcely less than mine. They urged me constantly to invite him to come to Paris to live—they did not know about Aunt Rittenhouse, for she was a family skeleton whom I kept in the closet where she belonged. "Who knows?" Tartigny and Ploiron would exclaim. "We are orphans—the good uncle may take a fancy to adopt us! At the least, he will buy our pictures—and then we also shall be rich. Figure to yourself how we would appear as nabobs! We each of us would possess more than one coat, and several pairs of trousers; we would smoke cigars of the Havana; we would go to Honfleur for a week!"

Though I did not discourage the hopes of these sanguine young men by saying so, I knew very well that my uncle never would make Paris his home. But that he might be induced to come over for a visit was not at all impossible; and in all my letters I urged him to come in the strongest terms. To my entreaties on the score of affection I always added such enticing facts about the Paris restaurants as would be certain to stir his Philadelphia nature to its deepest depths.

III.

At last, toward the end of my third year at Paris, a letter came from Uncle Rittenhouse, saying that he and Aunt Rittenhouse really were coming over for a couple of months. At least a week of this time, he wrote, would be given to Paris—and I must make up a programme that would enable him to eat everything that there was to be eaten, and to see everything that there was to be seen. This letter came just as we were starting for Aigremont, to celebrate the acceptance of my first picture at the

Salon. The girls took some laurel along and crowned me; Tartigny and Ploiron made handsome speeches—which were all the handsomer because their own pictures were rejected; they all drank to me, and then we all embraced. When these pleasing ceremonies were ended I brought out Uncle Rittenhouse's letter and told the good news; upon hearing it the enthusiasm of my friends was without bounds.

"We will take him everywhere!" said Tartigny.

"We will entertain him like a prince!" said Ploiron.

"It shall be all the theatres, and a supper after each one!" said Toinette.

"It shall be breakfasts at Barbizon, and walks in the woods, and dinners!" said Margot.

"It shall be the excursion to Honfleur!" said Thérèse.

There was no need to check in its first generous outburst this fine flow of enthusiasm. I refrained from adding—it was a painful statement that as well could be made later—that Aunt Rittenhouse was coming too.

Yet I regretted keenly, as the days went by and the possible joys incident to the coming of the good uncle were increased prodigiously by every sort of ingenious suggestion, that I had not made a clean breast of the whole matter at the start. By the end of June they were talking confidently of an expedition of a fortnight in Normandy, followed by a run through Switzerland, and ending in a stay at Hombourg of a month!

"It will be so amusing to the good uncle to make such a journey in our company!" said Margot.

"So interesting!" said Toinette.

"So instructive!" said Thérèse.

And he will order pictures from us right and left all the way!" cried Tartigny and Ploiron together; and added: "Au salut du bon oncle d'Amérique!" We drank this toast standing and with cheers.

For the life of me, while this sort of thing was going on, I could not help feeling like an imperfectly whitened sepulchre. Awake, I was the victim of horrible visions. Asleep, nightmares rode me to despair. My horror always was the same: Aunt Rittenhouse—staid, precise, decorous, radiating Deportment in every direction—in some utterly appalling combination with Margot or Toinette or Thérèse. I was full of remorse for my unwise reticence at the beginning; but I maintained my policy of silence because of my dread of the storm that I knew must burst upon me when I told all.

Early in July came another letter from my uncle. He wrote from London, where they were resting, he said, after a beastly voyage. He declared that London was an over-rated city: that the food was abominable, and that as soon as his liver got in good working order he was coming straight over to Paris.







ELIGIBLES AGAIN
...mbly dresses than he used to.
...ing. When a man becomes a widower



AS SEEN BY HIM

Woman no longer has it all her own way in the matter of costume, for the men who have taste and can afford to indulge it are slowly, it may be, but just as surely developing an increasing tendency towards personal adornment which threatens, before long, to defy the narrow limits within which masculine attire has so long been confined. Lovers of the beautiful hail this sign of the times with delight, for it comes as a hope, faint as yet, but still a hope, that an emancipation from the dark ages of man's costume may not be far distant. Before long, some new order of manly raiment may be established which will be more in keeping with the prevailing dainty creations of feminine finery. Utilitarians may rest prosaically content with the present accepted dull style of male attire, and denounce any attempt at masculine ornamentation on the ground that the methods of modern life make the prevailing rigid simplicity suitable and wise, and anything leaning toward the æsthetic, ridiculous and out of place; nevertheless, it would appear to such as love what pleases the eye that men have been made hideous long enough by a style of dress regulated solely by convenience and that æstheticism deserves a little chance.

Innovations in the conventional garb of man have as yet been insignificant, but those who think it worth their while to observe such things cannot but notice a growing spirit among "good form" men to elaborate a little in the matter of dress. A craving for change is natural to humanity and men who give more than passing attention to their personal appearance would welcome more variety in the making up of their wardrobes than is permitted by a choice from year to year between a light or dark material, plaid or check, narrow or wide trousers and so on according to the present limits.

The first notable departure from established rule was made a few years ago when fashion decreed that twill should be adopted as the correct material

for evening dress. The time-honored broadcloth suit then found its way to the country cousin or was shamefacedly disposed of to those who "full-dress" you for five dollars an evening. Further latitude was allowed when what is commonly known as black flannel came into use for dress suits and this is now the ultra-smart material for the purpose.

The annual Horse Show has been amiably satirized by press and public as being as much if not more of a beauty and fashion show. As the equine part of the exhibition, however, is admitted to be very fine, it cannot be denied that those who attend for the main purpose of seeing without being seen, get a great deal for the price of admission. As an annual affair the Horse Show has become a great institution and must act as a distinctive boon to the milliner's and tailor's art and those who wish to get an idea of what is to be the mode for the ensuing winter. A day and evening spent at the show revealed to the writer that a man must carefully observe several points, if he wishes to be well-dressed during this season. Always avoiding extremes in any line, the informal or sack coat suit leans rather toward quiet, dark materials than striking plaids; trousers rather narrow than wide.

Frock coats seem to maintain their last year's popularity over the morning or cutaway coat, and the skirt should be full and long; but extremes of these two characteristics—adopted by that fortunately small class of men who invariably overdo any fashion, to the sacrifice of good taste, should be carefully avoided.

Indeed, the frock almost reigned supreme at the Horse Show. Here and there specimens were seen with tails almost as long as that of Beila's apparently rather vague and over-estimated comet, but these were happily exceptions.

A most novel and astonishingly beautiful garment has recently been introduced to the dazzled gaze of New Yorkers, by that new aspirant to Beau Brummel honors, Mr. Reginald H. Ward. This wonderful creation is not an invention of the owner, but the "dernier cri" in London, designed to supplant the Inverness cape. It is a long, single cape reaching a little below the knees, and full enough to be thrown over the shoulder "mousquetaire" style. It is adorned by a velvet collar, very wide, and is fastened with a single button at the top. It is startling on account of its novelty, but beautiful in its simplicity.



Overcoats are as long this winter as they were last, if not longer; some suggesting that an ulster would be a superfluous article of clothing on the coldest of nights.

In the way of collars, there is said to be something new which is certainly striking, although not to be commended for great beauty. It is the anomaly of a combination standing and turn-down arrangement, which lovers of the odd may feel drawn toward. One thing is apparently settled for the time being, about collars, and that is, that a man is not strictly in full dress unless his collar be of the straight, standing order. The turn-over point kind should not be seen where a white waistcoat is worn with dress "togs," for this same white waistcoat is



the only distinction limited man can make between formal or informal evening dress.

These waistcoats are cut in an almost perfect "U" shape, very low, showing a larger expanse of shirt bosom than formerly. The favorite material is white piqué or Marseilles; and I think the most effective are double-breasted. It seems also to be a "fad" among the jeunesse doree to wear gold buttons with these garments. I cannot say that I like it, exactly, but I saw any number of these shining appendages at the Patriarchs, and I must confess that the effect, although a little pronounced, was not inartistic. Simpler buttons may of course be used. I have clung to the old-fashioned pearl ones, and on several of my Paris made waistcoats I have used them of the same material as the waistcoat itself. I always disliked the dreadful flowered waistcoat patterns that glare at one from cheap tailors' windows. I saw two men wear white silk ones, and to these I heartily object. A foreigner—and a Frenchman, I am sorry to say—wore a single-breasted waistcoat, cut like a V, with four gilt buttons—I hope they were gold—coming rather high in the neck. When I saw him I immediately called to mind the nimble Paulus, and the male dancers at cafés chantants and the music halls. And when I would suddenly come upon him, I instantly thought that I was at the Club, and had just rung the bell for a brandy and soda. But we must have living examples of how not to dress.

The white waistcoat, however, is a dangerous thing. It must fit like a glove, and it is the despair of tailors. There are but few cutters in this city who can make it as it should be, and a single wrinkle will spoil the whole effect.

If you are short and fat, do not wear it. Think of the pudgy gentleman with the red face, described by Dickens, who always wore a white waistcoat, and was carried to his last resting place in an imitation oak coffin, with plated silver handles. His fate was deserved. Old men are best without it. It goes with youth; with a good figure, and with an erect and soldierly bearing. If you possess these, you can make it a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.

Speaking of ties and pins, what a relief it must be to prospective bridegrooms, that the simpler trinkets are the fashion, and that for a time, the heavy and expensive combinations of precious stones and metals are laid away. Ushers' pins are no small item of the wedding expenses. I always remember, in this connection, a poor young fellow who was very much in love, and who was a rabid reader, and a devout believer, in the hints contained in "Society Columns" of the daily press. He would never propose to the fair object of his affections, and the years rolled by, leaving the girl in despair. When I asked him, one day, why he did not go forward, and in the proper, manly way, offer the woman he loved his hand and his heart, he plaintively replied: "My dear fellow, I can't afford to marry. Why, don't you read always that the ushers were presented with handsome scarf pins, and that the bride wore a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom? I might be able to afford the pins, at a pinch, but the diamond star!—that is impossible; and I don't think there is a woman in the land who would forego that part of the ceremony."

With the advent of the Prince's tie, has come the doom of the clumsy Ascot. Englishmen still cling to them, and they fasten them now, I believe, with a small, neat pin of gold, shaped like a bar. These conceits are omnipresent in all the shop windows of Oxford and Regent Streets. But I met them, last summer, in the Burlington Arcade, and I at once knew they had already lived their day. The trouble with the Ascot was, that it could be imitated too easily by the ready made people. I see now it has blossomed forth in almost endless variety on the historic Bowery, and the youth of that section are struggling with it, aided by diagrams, which I believe, are given away "with each and every tie."

Every man must own his own chafing dish and beautiful specimens are shown in the shops. Plain, repoussé and even etched silver. The young man of the present day must needs be a good cook. To know how to make a Welch rarebit is a part of the curriculum of a man's education.

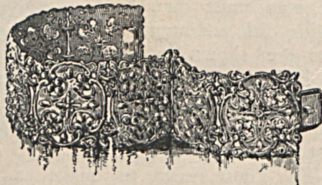




"WAITING"
[For the Camera]

FLORAL GARNITURE

Natural flowers are more used this season than for some years past, but the general verdict is still against their use on gowns. In the street, the fin de siècle girl wears, almost in-



variably, a huge bunch of violets; she is also occasionally seen with a chrysanthemum or double carnation

similar to the one without which her brother may not venture into society's sacred precincts.

The fashion of wearing dozens of roses has passed, and it is doubtful if it will ever be revived. One or more long stemmed roses are sometimes pinned in the belt, or fastened at the side of the coil of hair, but this is done very rarely. The perfection of color, size and form that flowers have now reached militates greatly against their use for the garniture of dresses; they fade so quickly that an hour in a heated room reduces them to a wilted mass.

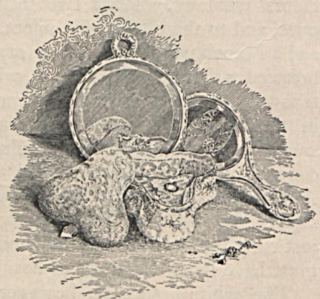
Bouquets as a rule are no longer carried. The débutantes receive any number from ten to a hundred and fifty, but they are massed upon a table beside the fair young hostess who may, however, only hold one.

The long stemmed roses of all kinds are extensively used for bouquets, as are also all varieties of orchids. The latter, when tied, as they invariably are, with broad satin ribbon of the same delicate shades are marvelously beautiful.

The satin ribbon decoration is a sine qua non for all bouquets and adds greatly to their effect. The "showers" which only came into fashion in this country last year, are the most effective examples in floral decorations. They were at first used exclusively for wedding bouquets and the sprays of orange blossoms tied into the long ribbon streamers

seemed to ornament the entire front of the wedding gown. This season the same design is used for all flowers and the effect is that of a rain of delicate blossoms.

It is said that modern literature as expressed in railway novels, has been one of the causes for flowers as personal garniture, going out of fashion; so many fiction tragedies hinged on the wearing of the red or white or yellow flower by the



heroine who chose this way of telling the brave hero whether she would or she would not. The plot was



usually so arranged that the flower was never received, or the poor maiden wore the wrong blossom, and in consequence so many noble young men of fiction lost their minds or lives that the fair readers rose in a body and protested against proposals being announced in so uncertain a manner. Be this rumor true or false the fact remains

that Alonzo may squander immense sums at his florist's, and although the fair Imogene will gladly receive his floral offerings she will not wear them.

Apropos of flowers and fashion the following tale of a man's dilemma is amusing New York at present. To be kind and at the same time conform to les convenances in every particular, is sometimes not possible of accomplishment. A well-known man in town in response to the request of a southern acquaintance, that he take two ladies, also from the far south, for a drive in Central Park, presented himself and his equipage for that purpose, extreme simplicity, as was proper, characterizing every detail of trap and horses and owner. What was the man of fashion's horror at finding each lady ornamented with a large and conspicuous bouquet. The man guest with a cape jessamine in his dark coat, had with kindly but misplaced forethought, supplied himself with an immense red chrysanthemum which he presented to his unhappy host with the comment, that it offered a fine color contrast to his light driving coat. And with that scarlet letter of bad form illuminating his breast the host faced public opinion. His good-natured desire to give his guests pleasure at first overcame his scruples at making a spectacle of himself, and he drove through the Park. A fusillade of amused glances and evidences of uncontrolled amusement from the occupants of the other equipages put his courage to flight, and he drove quickly far up towards Yonkers, not daring to again traverse the Park until darkness had set in.

lined with yellow, and curving downward. This chrysanthemum has been developed to an enormous size, measuring fourteen inches in diameter. The largest specimen shown, however, was a yellow variety resembling a gorgeous ball, nearly seventeen inches in diameter. The cultivators of this flower are learning to blend various tints in the same blossom, while they produce petals broad or narrow, curved or straight, spiked or curly, seemingly at will. These large, brilliant flowers make superb decorations, as entertainers all over the country are finding out.

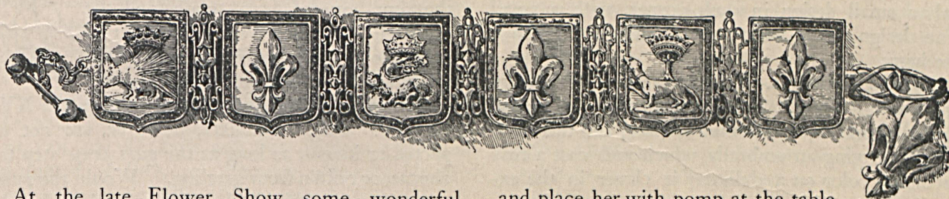
At a recent dinner in New York, a new custom was introduced, which rumor says is likely to become the fashion. The guests, who are paired off by the hostess, will go to the dining room without any order of precedence. This



The Boa — How and how not to wear it. The flat hat drawing supplying the "awful example."



is in accordance with old French customs. A writer in the Nineteenth Century quotes Madame de Genlis as saying: "When dinner was announced, the master of the house did not rush at the most considerable person present, to drag her from the other end of the room, carry her in triumph in front of all the other ladies,



At the late Flower Show some wonderful chrysanthemums were exhibited. One of the most beautiful being a rich crimson, the petals

and place her with pomp at the table beside him, as is now done."—These were provincial customs, and date from the First Empire.

An effective arrangement for a supper table was seen recently at a fashionable entertainment. The cloth of fine, white linen, had a great square of Irish lace let in the centre; this being lined with pink satin. A bordering of lace, two inches deep, finished the edge of the cloth, one corner of which was decorated with a monogram worked in white floss. A mass of pink chrysanthemums, elliptical in form, surrounded by maiden hair fern, made the centre of the table a glory of bloom. The pretty plates of Minton china were white, with a design of pink flowers, bordered with gold. In each plate lay three oblong wafers, tied with narrow pink ribbon. The glass was rose-tinted, with gold borderings; the water bottles at the corners being of rose-colored Austrian glass. The gilded candelabra held pink candles, with pink silk shades. These tiny shades were miniatures of the enormous shades in vogue for lamps. They were covered with pink silk gathered, and trimmed by a bordering of lace, over a pink silk ruffle.

New designs in lamps are continually appearing in various kinds of porcelain, crystal and metal combinations. A beautiful one, thirty-six inches high, bottle-shaped, in pale blue, supports a large silk shade of the same color, laid in plaits over a wire frame. There is a full puff above of the silk, and the bottom is finished with a deep flounce of lace over a flounce of silk. These shades are elaborate affairs, and somewhat expensive. They are fashionable, however, with people of means, who do not object to spending the \$50, and over, that is asked for them. These shades may be made at home, if desired. The materials include a wire shade of large size; six yards of India silk, which lines the shade, forms the fluted (or gathered) outside, the flounce, and the puffed top. Five yards of lace, twelve inches wide, are needed to make the flounce that falls over the silk flounce. The puffed top is made by itself, and lined with wiggan. There are neither ribbons nor flowers on these stately shades.

New table squares, long sideboard scarf and table centres have just made their appearance, which have a particularly pretty effect. They are entirely of drawn work, with the exception of a small square of linen in the centre. This needs only a small design in each corner, with a small vine design in the narrow strip that is set in above the hem.

RED UMBRELLAS.—The newest fad is a very pretty one—a bright red rain umbrella. The fin de siècle girl is quick to take an idea, and this fashion of carrying an umbrella which will cast a rosy becoming color on a dull day is clever in the extreme. The red is of bright hue, the handle heavy, with gold knob, and the general effect exceedingly good.

THE FENCING MASTER.

The Casino suffered for a short time from a certain typhoid variety illness which, instead of even becoming a fever, turned to low depression; and the Casino would have come very near its death throes had not Mr. J. M. Hill come forward with his present remedy which has proved a wonderful tonic. The Casino is now in better health than ever, and its corridors and galleries are crowded with an eager public so pleased with the bright effect of all they see that they accept with equal delight all they hear as well.

The fact is Marie Tempest is charming, as every one readily admits. The fetching little Fencing Master not only warbles her songs most deliciously, but she wears her costumes with a chic that few women possess not born to the Boulevard. It may appear slightly incongruous for her in the last act to wear all her diamonds in one coruscating blaze, for the story does not account for the daughter of a Fencing Master so suddenly becoming proprietress of a jewelry counter, but Miss Tempest looks such a pearl of price that one is disposed to overlook the jewels while fascinated by the singer.

It is a pleasure to find a prima donna who can act; and the one little scene of the duello in the second act where Francesco, after a few passes excellently simulated, is obliged with feminine heart-quailings to acknowledge she is Francesca, goes a long way to make up for dramatic weaknesses in the libretto.

In one point, the opera of Robin Hood—Mr. deKoven's other work—is superior to The Fencing Master. The fun of Barnabee is legitimate, while the comic business of Sykes and Hopper in the Trio particularly, is unworthy of the surroundings. It may make the groundling laugh to introduce the time-honored Irish tough, and the minstrel gags which were mildewed two generations ago; but surely a stage director and his comedians ought to invent something less incongruous for Venice in the XVth century! Stage managers, however, are not expected to invent, as long as the girls keep step to a chorus, or refrain from giggling. Would the public applaud or resent it if Miss Tempest introduced a tough girl's walk after one of her songs? The anachronism could not be more offensive.



SOCIETY IN NOVELS

WAnted—A novel of fashionable life that shall represent Society as it is: not as it appears to the literary pessimist who reverses the Christian rule and scourges others to win glory for himself; not as it appears to young Ploughman, to whom it is a vague bespangled entity, one vast embodied circus; not as it appears to that social aspirant who can as easily cross the bridge of Al Sirat as enter the charmed circle; and not, still more decidedly not, as it appears to the social Hottentot to whom its clothing is superfluous and its conventionalities absurd. But as it appears to observant men and women who know that in all conditions of life human nature remains the same, that the virtues are not all monopolized by the lower and middle classes, nor vices by the upper; who know, in a word, that the class at leisure to amuse itself is something more than an aristocratic compound of slang, cynicism and ennui.

That "the modern literary note is sincerity," a dictum of one of our best writers on literary topics, may be true of literature in general, but is not true of the average pessimistic novel dealing with society in its exclusive sense. A sincere seeker after truth notes, beneath the polished surface of "good form," the under-current of good as well as the under-current of evil. A pessimist is never thoroughly sincere; he is always a poseur. In trying to follow the social rule that forbids display of emotion, he exaggerates the maxim of Talleyrand, "Always distrust your first impulses, for they are apt to be honest."

A novelist who would faithfully portray fashionable life must be well equipped. He should resemble Cerberus, not in ferocity, but in having three heads, or rather, to paraphrase *Merimée*, three "brains": one for morals, one for manners and one for literary expression. Not considering Howells, James and Warner—who form a noble and distinctive group by themselves—at least four of the younger American writers meet these requirements. Brander Matthews merits the special gratitude of New York men for presenting them as interested in art, in literature, in science and in business.

His men are manly; men of the world and club men though they be. They have intelligence and a reasonable sense of propriety. While they would not claim to be as clever in dialogue as Mr. Matthews represents them, they recognize each other—and his skill. Mr. Matthews, too, presents the young woman of the time and her chaperone as true daughters of Eve, not above a certain originality and humor in imposing upon men, but quite superior to the methods or the conversation of the demi-monde.

Richard Harding Davis is an apostle to the Philistines. He knows the young man of the day in his social life; he knows his little follies, his many tendencies to flirtation and to slum benevolence; his behavior at the club, at dinner, at five o'clock tea, and at every social function. He knows, too, with the knowledge born of unprejudiced observation, the fresh, bright girls of New York and their æsthetic and charitable fads, their clever speeches, their waywardness, and their tender womanly hearts.

Edgar Fawcett, so often a rock of discord for rival literary factions to dash themselves against, has—notwithstanding a penchant (in books only) for third class boarding houses, astonishing murders and temperance lectures—described New York social life with a faithfulness and a happiness of phrase which will win for him larger consideration in the future than he receives in the present.

To parallel the curious fact in music that men have composed the best cradle songs, there is the equally curious fact in literature that men have written the best sketches of society life. Yet in both these directions women should naturally excel. Among American women who depict American society, Mrs. Burton Harrison easily ranks first; although indeed she aroused expectations in *The Anglomaniacs* which she does not promise to fulfill in the opening chapters of *Sweet Bells out of Tune*. Her opportunities for social studies have been unsurpassed and her culture is unquestionable. Yet her work conveys an impression of constraint. It resembles that of the engraver who traces a conventional pattern instead of giving free rein to his own conceptions. Now and then, too, the firmly-held "burin" seems to slip, as in indicating that divorcees are welcomed by gentlewomen with admiration rather than with regret, and in placing college slang in the mouths of well-bred elderly men.

The efforts of Society to protect itself from the soot and sparks of what Carlyle calls this "Teufels-schmiede" of a world, must sometimes result in boredom. But to present this boredom and its outcome of cynicism as a normal condition of Society, is but a subtle form of "lurid sensationalism." Where can we hear these risqué conversations, these witticisms of the café chantant? where can we see the champagne-flushed women smoking cigarettes? Surely not in drawing-rooms and boudoirs. And what a motley procession is this of the sensation-seekers! Even if brilliantly led by a Mallock, a Saltus, a Vernon Lee or a Julien Gordon, it must dwindle finally to "penny-dreadfulness." We wonder, as we have been wondering at the comet, if the procession is coming nearer or receding; but we know that like the comet, it brings noxious gases in its train.

A FRUITFUL INQUIRY

AN amusing little incident occurred this autumn illustrative of the heroine worship Mrs. Grover Cleveland is famous for inspiring even among members of her own sex. Some time previous to the election a large and semi-public reception was tendered the President-elect. His attractive wife was also present, with the bright smile and the hearty hand grasp that never fail to accomplish their perfect work. She had greeted hundreds of guests when some one observed among those awaiting recognition a little old country woman whose expression was one of suppressed excitement. The rural visitor had evidently no acquaintances in the group where she stood. But she chatted in colloquial fashion to those near her, and every now and then raised herself on tip toe to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Cleveland, only to sink back on her heels each time with the exclamation "Ain't she lovely?" Finally her turn for presentation came. She was pushed forward, and as one of the reception committee murmured "Mrs. So-and-so," Mrs. Cleveland gave the old lady's hand a friendly squeeze, looked sympathetically into the tired face and varied the conventional "So glad to know you" by asking how she was.

"Not a bit well, dear—not a bit well," remarked the elderly person blocking the way. "I was pretty smart all last winter, but I've got the meanest liver in America and it do give me a sight of trouble. I've tried doctors and I've tried yarbs, I've walked and I've set still, yet no matter how I do, it acts contrary. Now if you could recommend—" but by this time the pressure of the crowd had become so great that the kindly committee man was forced to hurry to Mrs. Cleveland's rescue and gently but firmly impel the loquacious visitor forward.

"I declare to gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, in tremulous tones addressing those about her as she wiped her eyes and pulled herself together. "I'd hearn tell she was thoughtful and I knowed she was sweet, but it do beat my times to think of Frances Cleveland in all this crowd rememberin' to inquire for my liver."

BOTH KINDS

Hearts may sometimes rule the land,
But diamonds often win a hand.

COURAGEOUS

CRUMMER: "Some men have wonderful courage."

GILLELAND: "I should say so. I have known men to buy cigars in Brooklyn and then smoke them."

The issue of Vogue for Saturday, December 24, will contain the concluding chapters of Mr. Janvier's clever story.

Among the illustrations will be a fashion drawing by Vallet,—Ten Minutes Before the Opera—and a charmingly chic pen sketch by H. W. McVickar, showing an amateur skirt dance. Other fashion drawings will show costumes and accessories. Lace for Costume Decoration, a carefully prepared article for those in quest of original ideas, will also appear in that issue.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

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STATEMENT

VOGUE is the property of a duly incorporated limited liability stock company. Its active management is entrusted to a board of directors and Mrs. Josephine Redding, acting as editor, Mr. Harry W. McVickar as art director and the present writer as publisher. Considerable curiosity has been manifested in the character of the enterprise and the method of its promotion. The definite object is the establishment of a dignified authentic journal of society, fashion and the ceremonial side of life, that is to be for the present, mainly pictorial.

To this end those of assured position were invited to purchase its capital stock. The total number of shareholders exceeds two hundred and fifty, the plan being to diffuse interest in the undertaking as widely as possible rather than confine its share holdings to a few individuals, additions to be made as occasion requires and all certificates of stock issued full-paid and non-assessable. This plan has been productive already of most satisfactory results. Vogue begins its career with an exceptionally large list of annual subscribers and abundant advertising.

Special attention is asked for the quality and character of the advertisements. Those who are familiar with the business firms of New York will recognize at a glance that Vogue represents leading merchants and a class of trade of the highest order. It is apparent also that pains have been taken to make these pages distinctly attractive, and it is the intention to have them grow steadily in interest so that the advertising sections of Vogue shall become an extensive, accurate and invaluable guide to buyers of fine goods and shall be enhanced as far as possible by illustration.

Arthur B. Turnure, Publisher.

VOGUE SOCIETY SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 17, 1892

THE fashionable season is well under way, the first Patriarch ball of Monday, supplying to the "buds" the decisive change from the dancing class, where early hours and simple gowns had been the rule.

Keenly, however, must the debutantes feel the absence of the opera, which gives a most agreeable variety to a girl's first season. In the opera is the opportunity to pass on from a first dinner to the glittering horse shoe, resplendent with gems, and afterwards a dance. Dining and dancing will, therefore, be the chief amusements of the winter.

On Wednesday night, at Mrs. William D. Sloane's beautiful house, there was the first rosebud dinner of the winter, a dance following. The dinner dance continues to be favored, and for these the elect will be invited, for a series of four, to be given by Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, on Wednesday nights in January.

The subscription musicale will in a measure take the place of the opera, though, with so much talent at command it is rather singular that some short operas, or scenes from operas, where a chorus is not indispensable, should not be attempted. There are many charming singers in town anxious for such opportunities, and the matter of setting a scene in a drawing-room is not so difficult or expensive. Mrs. Havemeyer's house is one of the very few in New York well adapted for such an entertainment. It was there that the first of a series of subscription concerts was given last week before an audience which was at once fashionable and critical. The programme, which was Mrs. Havemeyer's own choice, was admirably suited to a private house as it included some of the most delicate bits from Mendelssohn, Liszt, Grieg and Wagner, which by the excellent leadership and judgment of Herr Nikisch were rendered with the delicacy of a stringed quartette. Mrs. Havemeyer's superb suite of rooms was filled with a brilliant audience.

Of a less extensive, though by no means less distinguished sort, was the music at Mrs. Gerard's last Saturday afternoon. There is much to admire in Mrs. Gerard's very beautiful drawing rooms; and to the Adamowski Quartette Concerts which began there last week, one went out of pure love for music, there being no subsequent entertainment.

Miss Callender and Miss De Forest propose to give in their new apartment in the Tiffany building at Madison Avenue and Seventy-second Street, a series of musicales.

Last Saturday was a field day, and though two receptions had to be given up it was a struggle to get to all the others. The reception for Miss Mary Pomeroy Cutting given by

Col. and Mrs. Walter Cutting in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, which they have taken for the winter, brought out all that was brilliant of the old and new régime. The drawing room, hung with warm red brocade and paintings of the old French and Italian Schools, made a singularly effective background for the bevy of pretty girls who helped Miss Cutting to entertain. It was a pleasure to see Mrs. Walter Cutting again and to know that her period of invalidism is past. Mrs. Whitney in choosing the evening was fortunate. There was nothing to interfere and no other places to "go on" to as is the fashion in London, where evening receptions are always in vogue.

The Patriarchs' banquet-ball was really the opening of a busy season of dancing. This will be followed in quick succession by the Monday and the Tuesday dances, the Assemblies, the intervening Patriarch balls and the dinner dances already referred to; Mrs. Lorillard's evening receptions with dancing, Mrs. Stokes's cotillon dinners and Mrs. Gallatin's dance, not to take into consideration the dancing classes which claim a certain amount of special interest.

The Patriarchs' dinner was quickly served, the whole occupying two hours, a difficult thing to accomplish when it is known that nearly two hundred and fifty people were seated in the ball room. There was no special attempt at decoration in the ball room; the gorgeous costumes and jewels of the women, some of whom were attired in the fashion which reigned supreme when Josephine was Empress of France, and the abundance of American Beauty roses on each table making further embellishment quite superfluous. The ball had the advantage of being the first of the winter, consequently there was no feeling of ennui.

Mrs. Lorillard, who has been out of the gay world for some years, held a reception on Thursday night, when her daughter, Miss Maud Lorillard, the fiancée of Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, was introduced. Miss Lorillard inherits much of that beauty and manner which have made her mother one of the most admired of women. Mrs. Lorillard will continue these receptions on Thursdays for some weeks. It is rumored that Miss Lorillard's wedding will occur just before Lent.

The marriage of Miss Flora Davis to Lord Terence Blackwood will occur in Paris, early in June, at a time when American society is well represented in the French capital. It is said that Mr. Davis intends to take a hotel there for the wedding festivities, and to have the wedding breakfast served in true New York style, by one of the most prominent caterers in New York, who will take over his chef and part of his establishment.

COMING EVENTS

Monday, December 19th.—Mrs. Grosvenor Lowrey and Miss Lowrey, 121 Madison Avenue. Second of four receptions.

First meeting, Monday Evening Dancing Class. Sherry's.

Tuesday, December 20th.—Mrs. Newcomb, Mrs. Reginald Henshaw Ward, 683 Fifth Avenue. Second of four receptions.

Mrs. Bacon and Miss Bacon, 22 West Tenth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Meeting of Mrs. Hall's Dancing Class. Sherry's.

Wednesday, December 21st.—Johnstone-Pinchot wedding. St. George's Church, at twelve o'clock.

Mrs. Harry J. Nicholas, Miss Nicholas, Hotel Brunswick. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. Frederic R. Coudert, 13 East Forty-fifth Street. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. John M. Furman, Mrs. W. K. Bond Emerson, 47 West Nineteenth Street. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. John Lawrence, 33 West Seventeenth Street. Wednesdays.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. Dinner, followed by cotillon.

Mrs. W. S. Gurnee. Dinner.

Mrs. Braem's Dancing Class. Sherry's.

Thursday, December 22d.—Mr. and Mrs. Anson B. Moran, 36 West Thirty-ninth Street. First of two receptions.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Miss Lorillard. Reception.

Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, N. Washington Square. Dance for the younger set.

Mrs. F. H. Betts, 78 Irving Place. Thursdays until Lent.

Mrs. George F. Stone, The Misses Stone, Miss McEckron, 38 East Thirty-ninth Street. Thursdays in January.

Friday, December 23d.—Mrs. Gerardus H. Wynkoop, 175 Madison Avenue. First of three receptions.

Mrs. Stephen S. Whitney, Miss Mary Stuart Whitney, Miss Agnes Mabel Whitney, 39 West Eighteenth Street. Second reception.

Columbia College Ball.

Saturday, December 24th.—Mrs. Rives, 14 West Thirty-eighth Street. Reception at four o'clock.

LONDON

[From Our Own Correspondent]

Dogs are the fashionable fad of the moment. Every one who is any one goes about esquired by a canine "follower," and even "church parade" in the Park, on Sunday, is given over to the vagaries of these four-footed types du monde.

Pretty Lady Hord always appears dragged rapidly along by an enormous yellow hound, who magnanimously allows her to hold his leash, but who last Sunday caused her a pretty tumble before all the world, and an opportunity of displaying a pair of charming bottines and very veritable blushes. Lady Randolph Churchill is true to her dear blue skies; the Duchess of Marlborough affects her own breed of Blenheim spaniels, of which "Nelly," her *ami damnée*, is the most perfect little specimen possible, and as haughty and affected as becomes her race and pedigree; Mrs. Ronalds has a miniature pocket edition of a Spanish terrier breed; Lady Chelsea loves a big collie, so big that when he accompanies her in her victoria, it is difficult to say which is "bark" and which "tail." Lady Newcastle affects a gigantic wolf-hound, and Miss Catherine Hill adores her pug, "Sorrow," decorated with wide scarlet ribbons. Miss Ellen Terry is equally devoted to fox-terriers, and to her

"Punch" in particular, who goes everywhere with her, and Mrs. Frank Evans rejoices in two delightful baby Irish terriers, as yellow and as bold as brass, and two other tiny terriers of the old Kingsburgh breed.

But an American young lady of May Fair, an heiress in her own right and a well-known figure in society, distances all other dog fanciers by the magnificence and luxury with which she surrounds her puppy. She places her affections upon a superior black French poodle, a truly pampered animal, and "one who goes softly and fares delicately day by day." So delicate, indeed, is its constitution, it is obliged to have an antique carved oak cradle to take its rest in, with sheets of finest linen, exquisitely pin-stitched and embroidered with its cypher; blankets of the softest texture, and a dainty silk duvet to protect its somewhat obese black body from the slightest draught. It has, moreover, a trunk all to itself, duly marked with its own initials, in which are collected its multitudinous array of ribbons of all hues and designs, its different bangles for its different legs, and its variety of collars to suit all occasions. It is, indeed, a case of "love me, love my dog," and he who would write himself down in the good books of Miss — must first cultivate the capricious fancy of her—poodle!

The coat of the season—that is, the overcoat—and the one all smart men are ordering, is made entirely upon the lines of the one Mr. Weeden Grossmith has made so popular as Hanbury Hakes, in the "Guardsman." This wonderful garment fits tightly to the body and is very long-waisted; from the waist-line, however, the petticoats—they can be called by no other name—set broadly out, very like those of one of Leech's old women in by-gone "Punches." The buttons are large white pearl, the material a heavy face cloth of light tan. Mr. Grossmith told me recently that Corling & Poole, of New Bond Street, were responsible for this ideal of architecture; that it cost him ten guineas—for which the management did not pay—that the skirts were very heavily padded to keep them in position, and that six similar coats were the immediate outcome of his first appearance in this now famous article of attire.

Another extravagant fancy of the day is the use of "unborn" astrachan lamb skins. They are softer than velvet and are much prettier than other varieties of astrachan as they present a curious wavy appearance. These are the very last mode for linings, collars and cuffs to wraps, cloaks and jackets. They are very expensive, and the idea seems cruel; two reasons de plus why the ladies of the great world have adopted them with eagerness. I must say the effect is very novel and charming.

One of the new engagements, or rather one of the fast approaching anglo-American weddings, causing considerable interest, is that of Sir Philip Egerton, Bart. and Miss Wayne-Cuyler, of Philadelphia. She is twenty, he is somewhere in the thirties. They met at Dinard, and Miss Wayne-Cuyler was then supposed to be *éprise* of quite another party. Sir Philip Egerton is the "darling" of the drawing-rooms, and rivals Chevalier in his inimitable "Music Hall" character songs. Their first meeting was at a pic-nic, and the result was a *congé* to one lover, and an eager "yes," to the other. An American belle is very pretty—of a certain style. Large eyes, a good deal of manner, and what ultra-English people call "very American." She has three other sisters, very like herself; and one of her *bon mots*, apt at the moment, and widely quoted throughout Dinard, was her remark, "Oh, yes, we are four; and papa is 'pas (sic) de quatre.'"

Another of the Dinard celebrities, very much en evidence, as gay and youthful and sprightly as ever, was Mrs. Hughes-Hallett;—Emelie Schonberg that was. She gave a ball, and she danced at it, too; and right valiantly did she play her part, taking the lead in the romping "Barn door dance" *pas de quatre* indeed; conveying her partner, a young ingenu of "sweet one-and-twenty," through the intricacies

of that amazing composition, with all the vigor and abandon of fresh seventeen! It was reported afterwards that Mrs. Hughes-Hallett preferred "boys" nowadays; she found them so much more "sympathetic."

To the fore as usual was Mrs. Bradley-Martin at the coming of age festivities of Lord Lovat, at Beaufort Castle. The young Lord, who has just come into his property after a five years' minority, is very popular everywhere, and especially so on his beautiful Scotch estates. The house party was most distinguished, Mrs. Bradley-Martin being the only American woman present. At the ball on Wednesday, she eclipsed every other woman, and most of the men, by the magnificence of her apparel, and excited the envy of every one by wearing the now famous ruby collar, her latest annexation—by purchase—from the French Crown jewels.

As this is the time for weddings and wedding gifts, I went into The Goldsmith's Company to see some of the lovely novelties preparing for the coming season de nocés, et de Noël. Turquoises are still the favorite stone among the ultra-smart; and this, notwithstanding that really good ones let one in for a lot of money which they never recover, since a drop of water, a touch of acid or certain atmospheric changes cause them to lose color, and directly even a shadow of a change is visible in the delicate tint, its value is nil. Fashion, however, takes little heed of utility or value, so turquoises you must indulge in, do you wish to be in the swim, and up to it.

A most charming little novelty was a tiny watch, to be worn "fob" fashion,—and certainly nothing was ever more quaint and suggestive than the old "fobs" of our great-grandfathers, upon which hung generations of seals cut in emeralds, rubies and crystals, bearing upon them the sign manual of centuries of ancestors. Well, this pretty old fad is back with us again, and if you wish to be truly up to date you must at once beg or borrow a delicious tiny "fob" watch, not bigger than a walnut—an English walnut—and it must be set about its face with diamonds, have two fine but strong gold chains attached to a bar, also in diamonds, and from this bar you must hang all the really antique and veritable "charms," lucky phylacteries and seals you can unearth from forgotten family archives; and if a tiny miniature of some great ancestor surrounded by gems is also available, so much the more lucky are you.

Pearls are also to be very much worn. I saw an extremely effective design for a necklace. It had three rows of very fair sized and beautifully toned pearls, grouped in festoons, the top row fitting the throat closely, the second and third drooping slightly; each festoon—there were six—held by an oblong clasp in diamonds, the fastening at the back being the same. Tiaras are to be worn much smaller and more crown shape, with quivering single stones forming an outline. Also floral sprays in diamonds are being introduced among smart people; a natural sequence to the 1830 fashion in bonnets and gowns, while quite one of the newest and most effective novelties is the use of the matrix of the opal, set with very fine brilliants and made into all sorts of creatures. Butterflies, dragon-flies, the common house fly; one and all are adapted to this new mode, which is truly very charming; you get all the effect of the opal, combined with a larger surface and less expense. Floral sprays for the bodice in all degrees of jewels, but especially in diamonds and emeralds, diamonds and rubies, and diamonds and turquoises, are very much the vogue, also long jeweled chains for small gold-mounted pince nez; and luxe de lupe, still longer chains set with tiny pearls or turquoises to support and protect the huge muffs, which are now a part of every fashionable woman's outfit.

All reports to the contrary, and there are many, the Prince of Wales is looking anything but well. I saw him the other day, and was particularly struck by the curious appearance of his eyes. The white of the eye at one corner is quite obscured by a dull red film; and his hands also, usually so "well groomed," look dull and heavy in texture. His

manner is listless and uninterested. We all here are so fond of our future king that any rumor concerning him attracts immediate attention; and of course the "dailies" know quite well what to say. But who knew of the gravity of poor Prince "Eddie's" illness, until he was virtually in extremis? and who knew the same of the Duke of Albany? The Prince of Wales's friends are anxious. The Duke of York, too, is looking very delicate. He has never fully recovered from his attack of typhoid fever, and now that it is all over, and the mischief done, people are asking why did the Queen let him walk all the way up Windsor Hill, on the day of his brother's funeral? of course, bare-headed, and with the snow and slush three inches deep on the ground. He was only just off his own sick-bed; was it not a foolish pandering to les convenances? But then, Queens do not look at consequences, when royal etiquette is in question.

The latest Cookery Book—and who is not interested in his menu?—is by an American adoptif, Mr. Gustav Natorp. You will all remember him in New York; and Americans in London have equal reason to bear tribute to his hospitality in Ennismore Gardens. His virgin effort in literature is called *Ideal Cookery*, by "Grid." It is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who married Miss Jane Cobden, the daughter of the "great Cobden," and who poses as the disinterested exploiter of unrecognized talent.

It seems a trifle odd that a man should write a cookery book; especially a man who has made his place as a sculptor and painter of no small average. All London-Americans are indebted to Mr. Natorp, as a host and an artist; but it is a trifle difficult to accept him as a housekeeper! Yet, who should know better as to the science of good living? Get his book; read it; digest it. You will be thankful that he has written it. D.

November 30, 1892.

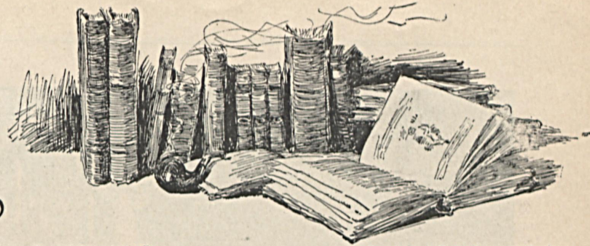
JEWELLED HAIR ORNAMENTS

AS the end of the century approaches, we are returning to the fashions of its opening years. Nowhere is this more apparent than in hair ornaments which are as fanciful, splendid and dainty as in the days of Josephine. Gold acorns with diamond sprays, lilies of pearls with diamond tipped stamens, birds' heads glistening with precious stones, jeweled coronets and many other equally costly pieces are worn at dinners, balls and other evening entertainments. An exquisite ornament, which is quite new, represents two gracefully-curved gold antennæ each about three inches long. Upon the ends are pear-shaped diamonds. Two gold prongs, from which the antennæ spring serve to fasten the ornament in the hair. A beautiful hair-pin shows a peacock's head and throat set against the fan-like tail. The head is encrusted with diamonds and the tail outlined with rows of small rubies, each row terminating in a large diamond. Other hair-pins are ornamented with enameled gold and precious stones. A bulfinch's head set in diamonds, with ruby eyes and wings of colored enamel interspersed with small emeralds, is a very attractive hair-pin.

The jeweled daggers now worn for hair ornamentation are very beautiful. One example shows hilt and guard closely set with small diamonds, a green stone of good size finishes the hilt, and there is one upon each end of the guard.

Another dagger is entirely of diamonds and pearls. A charming object is a crusader's sword, the hilt of pure white enamel wound with fine gold cord. The guard is of gold set with pearls. The blades of these are of gold, ending in a point, and pass easily in and out of the hair. Something new is a tiara wire on springs, with a little upright spiral in front so arranged as to take any brooch or other ornament one wishes to wear. A diamond star, a bird, a spray of jeweled flowers, a crescent or fleur-de-lys may each be set in at will. Some handsome pins, which are also very costly, are huge smoky pearls, set like flowers in a calyx of small

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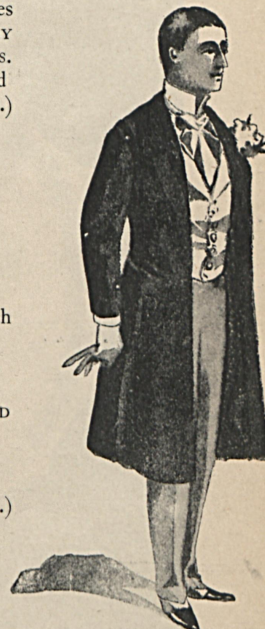
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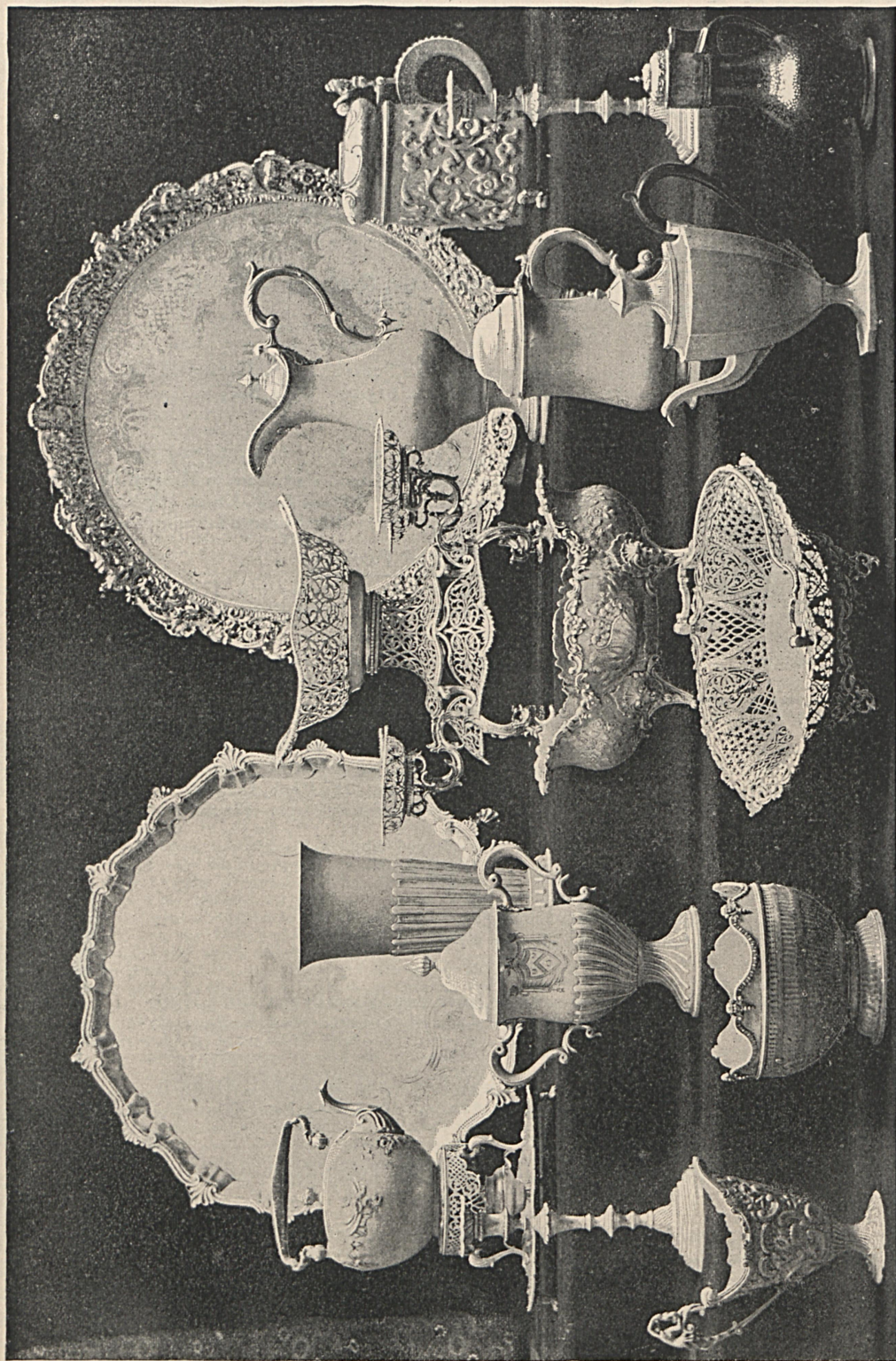
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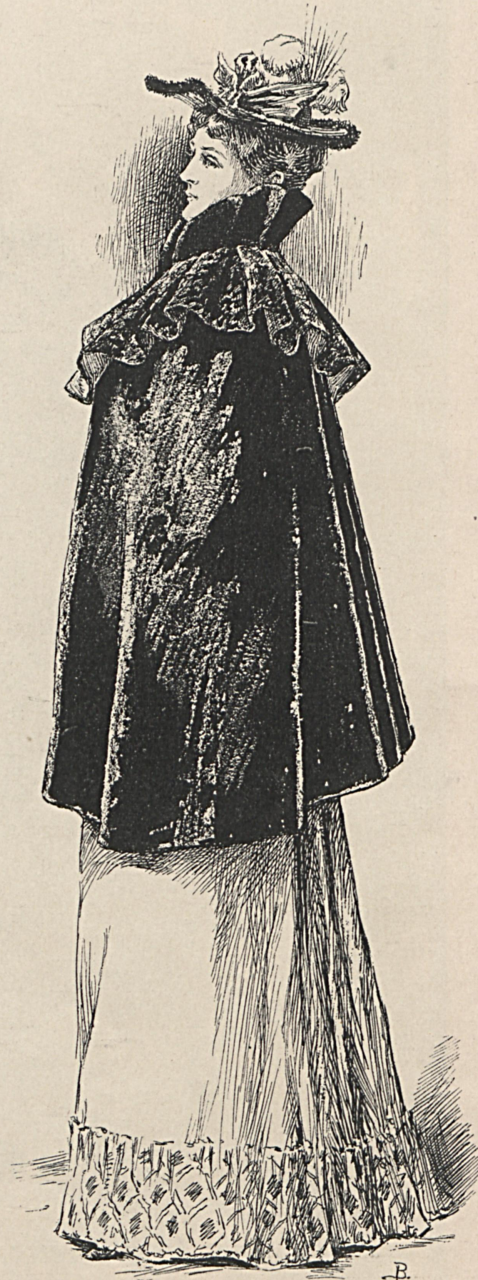


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A dainty hair-pin represents an English double violet in silver, each petal is closely set with small diamonds, the ensemble being graceful and delicate. A unique ornament with two prongs simulates a fleur-de-lys in purple enamel held together by three small pearls. The flower is placed in the centre of a gold circle in which is set fifteen amethysts.

Some pretty shield-shaped combs each with two tortoise shell prongs are of gold trellis work with an outer edge of twisted gold cord. At each point where the trellis work intersects, a tiny diamond is set. This form is quite new and very attractive; sometimes the comb is of silver, and the trellis points set in garnets and the shape varied to other heraldic forms.

Gold and silver pierced work in the shape of shields, crescents and ribbon bows all appear, mounted upon one pin, or two prongs to be used for hair ornamentation. An exquisite tortoise shell comb is cut in the shape of a small palm leaf surrounded by a border of filagree gold following the same curves, and edged with a narrow bordering of tiny diamonds. Some odd fancies in hair-pins appear in the shape of spiders and beetles, with garnet or diamond eyes, and enameled wings. Small gold or silver balls, set with tiny rubies, diamonds or emeralds are favorite hair-pins, although not very new.

Large coronets or crowns of diamonds, pearls or opals, or of many-pointed stars within circles of pearls are shown. These are worn frequently, but of course, only by the very rich. A pretty shape is a crown with points of pearls and rubies.

New designs of fern fronds in diamonds, or entirely of emeralds, are superb and of immense value.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION DRAWINGS

THis Felix reception and visiting costume (page 8) is of sage green *peau de soie*, trimmed around the skirt with black fox; a band of the same fur edges the revers, which are unusually large. The skirt, it will be observed, is caught up at the left side, displaying a petticoat of glacé velvet. The puffed sleeves are also of this material.

The hat is of black *fenteve* mobile trimmed with black ostrich feathers.

A wrap (page 9) of nut brown rayé velvet is lined with gold-colored satin. It has three very flaring collars, the largest coming below the shoulder. This collar is trimmed with *Medici* lace combined with gold lace. The hat shown in this sketch has a soft crown of brown velvet and an open-work jet brim, short black ostrich tips, and a small spray of yellow velvet roses resting against the feathers.

The gown of violet cloth (page 12) is trimmed on the bottom with wide *écru* guipure bordered on each side by *zebeline*. Black fur of any kind could be used here. The Charles Twelfth corsage is of dark violet velvet with buttons of Rhine stones. The tops of the sleeves are of cloth, the lower part of *écru* guipure lace over silk, the same shade as the cloth; a band of fur surrounds the elbow. If desired, a second band may be put around the wrist. A draped berth of guipure lace fastened high on one shoulder is worn under the pelerine, which is of violet velvet trimmed with fur. The hat is a toque of *mousseline de soie* the color of Parma violets. The crown is of *écru* guipure, with a brim of violets. The butterfly bow in front is of black feathers, and jet mingled with the feathers. The strings are of dark violet velvet.

A tea gown made with a Watteau pleat (page 3) is of heavy ribbed silk, with a rather long train. Cream-colored lace is used at the back. This is brought down around the arm-hole and up the front in a jacket-like effect. The lace finishes the sleeve. The ribbons are satin. This model could be carried out in less expensive materials and the effect would be very good.

The tea gown on the seated figure (page 3) is of striped silk, with a plain front decorated with a *tablier* of lace. Rich lace falls also from the elbow, the top of the sleeve being of the silk.

In a pretty toilet set (page 12) the mirrors are backed with porcelain decorated with dainty floral sprays; the sides of the jewel box are also of porcelain, and the top, which does duty as a pin-cushion, is of pale pink plush. (Purchasable at Davis Collamore's.)

A collarette (page 13) of pale pink chiffon is combined with an antique Cluny lace collar. This is tinted a pale *écru*. The chiffon is gathered into a *ruche* at the throat and falls in a ruffle below the lace. Satin ribbons fasten the collarette. (Purchasable at Altman & Co.'s.)

Sherry's Blue Room (pages 8 and 9) is a large room fronting on Fifth Avenue. As its name would indicate, it is furnished in blue. The ceiling, walls, mantel, hangings, and even a small upright piano, are in the same color.

It is used for the dressing-room at the larger entertainments, and the pier-glass, dressing-table and palms are arranged to give it a very home-like as well as artistic effect. The neat maids in attendance, when they remove the wraps, convey the same into an adjoining room, where are innumerable hooks, and here the cherished garment is safe from the danger of having seven other garments, each heavier than the last, piled upon it.

The room is divided by folding doors, so that, should there be an unusual number of people, the amount of space may be doubled; and thus all may be given an opportunity for costume inspection. And that it is a comfort to know just how the train of a dress looks before entering a reception room will be conceded by every one.

SLIPPERS

THe art of dressing the foot becomingly has changed marvelously since the day when sandals were first worn. Those with the tiny lamp at the toe which were worn in eastern countries to frighten away the poisonous snakes must have been even more uncomfortable than the tiny point fashion decrees must be worn in this nineteenth century. (Page 7.)

In no way does the luxury of the times display itself more prominently than in the attention paid to the "little dainty silken stocking" and the numberless slippers one must possess in order to be *bien chaussé*.

In all colors and materials are the dainty slippers made. To match or to contrast with the gown, and always to be worn with stockings to correspond, invariably with pointed toe—and whisper it not to the family physician—with the Louis Quinze heel. The fashionable girl is willing to wear heavy boots with low broad heels when in the street, but once in the house she lets her American taste gain the ascendancy and revels in her high heels and pointed toes, and the higher the heel and the narrower the point, the better is she pleased. Some slippers are cut quite high and worn with bow and buckle fashioned of jet, silver, or Rhine pebbles. Others have straps across the instep. With full ball costume they are finished only with the tiniest of buckles. Suede is a great deal used but it stretches too much to be becoming. When black slippers are worn the material must be of patent leather and the stockings must also be black. However, fancy can add any additional touches such as clocks of brilliant color with a piece of finest lace insertion let in over the instep, or with dainty fleur-de-lys embroidery or with strips of lace. Bright red slippers trimmed with silver buckles are worn with silk stockings of precisely the same shade and are very effective.

A peep into the shoe closet of a girl of the day would reveal shoes and slippers of every shape and color arranged on wooden lasts, so that the shape may never vary, and the number required is without end. The slippers, ties and hosiery on page 7 are purchasable at Lord & Taylor's, J. J. Seater's, and O'Neil & Co.'s.